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Alexander Colquhoun

1841

# P O E M S

NOT PUBLISHED.

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My dear Father,

Although it is scarcely probable that I shall derive any fame from the publication of these trifles, yet I shall feel myself abundantly rewarded if they should, in the slightest degree, meet with your approbation.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

Alexander Cochrane.

To Sir Thomas Cochrane.





## PREFACE.

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It is not without a deep feeling of apprehension that I venture now, at the last moment, to commit the following trifling effusions to the press. It is, I believe, customary for young authors to state in the preface—not always, I should imagine, with the strictest truth—that the ardent entreaties of their friends and relatives alone induced them to enter the arcana of publication ; but sincerity forbids my shielding myself under this pretence, and so far from having been urged to this folly, there is but one person who is aware of my committing it.

I must consequently seek elsewhere, some more valid excuse for intruding my verses upon the notice even of the small circle who will have either the inclination, or the opportunity of perusing them ; but, previous to embarking on this difficult and hazardous enterprise, I may as well apologize for the loose unconnected manner in which they are put together, rather consisting of the “*disjecta membra poetæ*” than finished poems. The

greater portion of them were penned during the whirl of a London season: my morning hours being at the same time occupied in graver pursuits, the evenings were alone left me for wandering 'mid the flowery meads of poetry. It was impossible for me, therefore, without breaking through many arrangements, to give them a more finished and important form.

Respecting my reasons, many will say vanity was my influencing motive, and to a certain extent I plead guilty to the charge. Moliere says, "*Le plaisir est grand de se voir imprimé!*" but none will imagine that vanity can have been a very powerful incentive, when I state that only twenty copies will be struck off.

On the point of leaving England, I flattered myself that anything which during my absence could afford some memento of times past, would not be regarded with entire indifference by those who have known me longest; and that, if among the wilderness of words the heart should chance to find any soft glowing spot on which it could for a moment repose, such an oasis would, in the eyes of friends, redeem many faults; and that the cold withering remarks of the critic could not exist in the bosom of affection.

I have not written for those

“ Who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo’s hoary brow.”

I have not written for those to whom sensibility is but a name, and feeling an empty word ; who think that under their sneer and sarcasm sometimes the noblest and best sentiments are to perish, who deride through inexperience, and condemn through ignorance.

I believe that as eloquence is the child of knowledge, so is poetry the child of passion ; that any lines proceeding from the deep impulses of the heart, from bursting feelings, although not superior to criticism, will ever be beyond ridicule ; and that it is only when we unnaturally endeavour to affect sentiments unknown to us that we are subject to the penalty of the latter. The author of that most beautiful criticism on Mr. Bowles’s poems remarks, “ Human nature is so various, the vicissitudes of life and the emotions of heart and mind so infinitely diversified, there is so much congeniality, so much *blood*, between all human beings, that the story of the most uneventful life, the most ordinary impressions, if recorded with simplicity and truth, and touched by the light of poetry,

may produce a most pleasing effect, even where the wing of the bard is not strong enough for bolder flights."

I have not intentionally been "a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff," nor am I aware of any plagiarisms; it is almost impossible, however, for a young man to be perfectly original. As respects the few stanzas at the end of the volume I would remark, that Spencer's "Faery Queen," Beattie's "Minstrel," Byron's "Childe Harold," all have the same rhythm and break in the verse; nor does that metre admit of any other style being adopted.

One summit of Mount Parnassus was sacred to Apollo and the Muses, the other to Bacchus; and tradition declared that whoever slept upon it became either poetical or mad. Let me hope that, though in all probability I may be judged to have wandered from the path which leads to the one height, it may not be considered that I have approached the other; and that, if friends cannot approve, they will at least kindly regard these trifles as 'ad majora initia rerum ducentia.'

*Alexander Cochrane.*

*Albany,*

*June 1, 1838.*

## **A FRAGMENT.**



Why is it that we gaze with fond delight,  
On broken columns, and on ruin'd site ?  
Why is it that the shatter'd wall appears,  
In charms expanding, with the passing years ?  
Is it because Romance adorns the tower,  
Lingers o'er fallen stone, and wither'd bower ?  
No ! But 'tis there that Recollection lights,  
Folds its dark wings, and stays its giddy flights.

There is a spot where Poetry abides,  
Smiles on the grassy meads, and rippling tides ;  
Dwells 'mid the broken arch, and ruin'd wall,  
And treads enraptured in deserted hall :

There Netley's turrets, overhang the bay,  
 And tower a beacon to the seaman's way.  
 Amid its ruin'd shrines, I 've trod by night ;  
 The moon had risen, and her chasten'd light  
 Rent the dark mantle from its time-worn site.  
 Alone—in solitude—in such a spot—  
 How we recal each scene long since forgot.  
 Strange is the feeling which absorbs the soul,  
 Woos stern reflection, casts aside control ;  
 Its inward mystic workings scarce appear,  
 Save in the bursting sigh, or fleeting tear.  
 Each shrub, each aged oak, the smallest flower,  
 Recals some favourite scene, or childhood's hour ;  
 The copse where happy Infancy has stray'd—  
 The classic grove, the cloister's pensive shade ;  
 The Past is borne upon the murmuring breeze,  
 Or wandering Fancy to the Future flees.  
 Religion breathes around ! Who lingers here  
 Feels that her still small voice will meet his ear.  
 'Tis here her silver lamp, by day and night,  
 Sheds o'er the ruin'd shrine its hallow'd light—



'Tis 'mid such scenes her bright and sacred ray  
Pierces the soul, and guides the wanderer's way.

Oh! yes. Religion is not always found  
In hallow'd shrine, and consecrated ground.  
He who has worshipp'd Nature unconfined,  
Court'd the breeze, and loved the howling wind :  
He who has view'd the weather-beaten shore,  
Plough'd the dark waves, and heard the breakers roar;  
Has wander'd musing on the mountain steep,  
And heard the wild winds whistle o'er the deep—  
Amid the pathless woods and tangled grove,  
Alike in calm and tempest, loved to rove ;  
Now in soft mood has heard the shepherd's lay,  
Or stood where foaming waters cleave their way,  
Watching the boiling eddies dash their spray—  
Apart from man, has lived as Nature's child,  
Free as the soaring eagle, and as wild ;—

To such, Religion breathes in earth and sky—  
Time, Nature, Clime—all speak a Deity.

Yet there are many, of the Stoic school,  
Who live, who move, who think, who breathe by rule.  
Their cheeks are never wet for others' woes,  
Their fount of feeling never overflows ;  
For them in vain sweet Nature opes her lore,  
With lavish bounty spreads her varied store ;  
For them in vain the bard attunes his lyre,  
Strikes the deep chord, and lights Orphean fire :  
Nature, they view with idle, vacant gaze—  
List to the bard they deem unworthy praise :  
Or if, perchance, one scene more sweetly bright,  
Lit by the sparkling watchfires of the night—  
Or Memory, floating on the flowing rhymes,  
Recals some record of forgotten times,—

Then ! then, indeed, each infant thought returns,  
 And Memory lights the shrine where Feeling burns.  
 Alas ! The flickering embers die, and e'en  
 The warmth is felt not, if the ash is seen.  
 Oh ! let them pass, and, robed in nothingness,  
 Sleep on the sleep of dull forgetfulness ;  
 For the same cloud that dimm'd affection's sight  
 Shall shroud their sepulchres in endless night.

Yet there are others, who will ever bring  
 To Feeling's shrine full many an offering—  
 Whose swelling heart is open to the sigh  
 Of pensive Woe, or winged Misery—  
 To whom Affection is not all a name,  
 Whose spirits flutter at the song of fame—  
 Who look on Ocean with a poet's eye,  
 Gaze on its waves in silent ecstasy,  
 Peruse with ardour the historic page,  
 And in one life can live through many an age ;

Have wept o'er Sydney's fate—his early doom,  
 And pensive sigh'd o'er Strafford's bloody tomb.<sup>1</sup>

To such, in truth, this world may oft appear  
 A vale of woe—a fount of many a tear.  
 And they may turn with melancholy gaze  
 To Life's young dawn—the light of other days ;  
 And they may weep to think that joys have fled,  
 That many a spirit's broken—friends are dead ;  
 Yet, as they weep, Hope's angel hovering near  
 Softens the soul, and sanctifies the tear ;  
 And the warm heart, by every sorrow prest,  
 Smiles through its tears, and feels supremely blest.

Truly such spirits view the Heavens alone  
 Not as earth's canopy, but as Jehovah's throne ;  
 They worship Nature on the rocky shore,  
 And hear the Voice of Heaven in Ocean's roar ;

See it presiding in the billows' stir,  
Each bursting volume seems its minister :  
To them, the Ruler of the Present, Past,  
Speaks in the winds and rides upon the blast.

And then at eve, when Nature loves to fling  
O'er mount, and mead, the setting light of Spring ;  
When by the purling brook and hawthorn way,  
The young, warm spirit seeks the placid bay,  
One wide expanse of waters meets his sight,  
Reflecting in its breast the glowing light  
So sweetly calm, and yet so calmly bright.  
O'er plain, wave, rock, one mellowed hue is spread,  
Chastening the tints of Ocean's dimpling bed ;  
No bubble breaks the mirror-like expanse,  
No bark destroys the magic of distance ;  
One tiny vessel nears the fisher's cave,  
Floats with the tide, and rides upon the wave.

If on the calm, unbroken solitude,  
 The ship-boy's distant whistle should intrude,  
 'Tis but upon his little deck reclining,  
 He thinks on happier fates without repining;  
 For he, until the light of day had fled,  
 Perused the chronicle of heroes dead;  
 The book is thrown aside, his pensive eye  
 Pierces the future of his destiny.  
 If for a moment's span he mourns his fate,  
 That he must die unpitied by the great,  
 'Tis but a moment—for the cottage light  
 Of his fond mother meets his anxious sight:—  
 “Why should I leave my home, my own fireside,  
 For scenes unknown, for destinies untried?  
 Why should I leave a parent's, sister's love,  
 'Mid other realms, far different climes to rove;  
 True, when I die, no marbled slab may tell  
 A hero perish'd, or a warrior fell;  
 No nation may deplore my bitter doom,  
 Weep o'er my fate, or beautify my tomb.

Ah! No. But yet a mother's tear will flow,  
 And sobs will testify a sister's woe;  
 I shall be buried in a lonely grave,  
 But by the margin of the billowy wave!  
 For I have loved the ocean from a child,  
 To breast its billows was my early pride;  
 And I have climb'd the mast deprived of fear,  
 When helmsman's eye retain'd the craven tear;  
 On ocean's wave my bark has oft been borne  
 From morn to even, and from even to morn:  
 And I have heard that when this clay's at rest,  
 The spirit assumes the shape it loveth best.  
 So when the sand receives this passing form,  
 I'll woo the breeze, and nestle in the storm;  
 In billowy shape wash my beloved shore,  
 Buoy up my little bark, and lave my cottage door."

Go, Go! Despise, ye proud ones; think that you  
 Alone are virtuous, principled, and true!

Because the poor man knows not History's page,  
 Think you he wants the spirit of his age?  
 Proud fool! I tell you in the poor man's breast  
 The truest, noblest feelings often rest.  
 He has not drunk from Education's well,  
 Or learnt how Cæsar fought, how Cæsar fell;  
 He does not know Lycurgus gave his laws,  
 Or read the chronicle of Sparta's wars;  
 But yet he bears within a flow of soul,  
 Which, if occasion calls, will burst control.  
 Born in a hut, and pillow'd on a sod,  
 That man would die for Country, King, and God.

Let us return, for in poetic dream  
 My feelings often wander from their theme;  
 Let us forsake the glowing mind which stood  
 On rocky cliffs projecting o'er the flood;  
 Who gazing on the diamond lights afar  
 Beheld another world in every star:



Thoughtful observed the winged bird of night  
 Plume from the distant East its rapid flight :  
 Let us return to muse o'er Netley's pile,  
 Ere twilight sheds its last, but sweetest smile.

Ruin of Ages ! crumbling shatter'd walls,  
 Fall'n are thy aisles, deserted are thy halls ;  
 Here where the cloister woo'd the pensive thought,  
 And fretted shrines by glowing fancy wrought ;  
 The dull rank weed, the grassy mead is spread,  
 And nettles grow where monarchs used to tread.  
 Emblem of times departed ! Here thy fane  
 Echo'd the chaunt, responded to the strain ;  
 The corniced ceiling, and the pencill'd line,  
 The flowing tracery, and the corbell'd shrine.  
 These beauties sprung beneath the sculptor's hand,  
 And marble breathed at Henry's command<sup>2</sup>.  
 How is thy grandeur fall'n ! the passing year,  
 The wintery blast, and Autumn's yellow sear :

Have mourn'd thy ruin, ivy-crowned pile,  
 Too early courted by the bigot smile.  
 Oh! were there none to stay the tyrant's hand,  
 To quench the flame of Superstition's brand?  
 What, though a senseless worship flourish'd there!  
 No pure Religion sanctified the air,  
 What, if dark Superstition rear'd the pile!  
 Breathed in its courts, and trod its marbled aisle!  
 Methinks the Superstition that could toil  
 To crush the structure, and to grasp the spoil,  
 That with Religion's engine waged a war,  
 Now thundering near, now flashing from afar.  
 When subtle Craft, combined with frenzied Zeal,  
 Worshipp'd a God, but stained the glistening steel.  
 Methinks such Superstition grosser far  
 Than that which glimmered in the morning star  
 Of purer worship, for it rear'd a fane,  
 Which later ages crush'd for paltry gain;  
 And many a stone from many a sacred wall,  
 Supports a banner'd dome, or princely hall!

Cromwell ! in vain the records of thy times <sup>3</sup>  
 Would speak thy fame, or sanctify thy crimes ;  
 In vain false names to dastard acts are given,  
 No light which led thee on was light from Heaven.  
 Such fame is thine as his who sought a tomb,<sup>4</sup>  
 And lit the pile which shone upon his doom.  
 And thou, our land's Erostratus, for fame,  
 To dastard spoils, bequeath'd a dastard name.  
 Learn that the noble mind disdains to lend  
 Itself to baseness e'en for worthy end ;  
 Oh ! eagle-wing'd it soars above the clouds  
 Of grovelling faction, born of fickle crowds.  
 In soaring might it stems the wildest wind  
 Of feelings, howling round the abject mind :  
 True, as it soars, its energies may fail,  
 But oh ! the heart, the heart should never quail.  
 Aye, the firm hand which aims th' unerring dart  
 May seek, may strike, may wound the noblest heart ;  
 But as it breathes its last and deepest sigh  
 Dost think no Zephyr wafts it to the sky ?

No guardian Angel hovers o'er the head  
 And sheds a hallow'd influence o'er the dead?

As the lost seaman seeks with anxious gaze  
 To pierce the clouds, and penetrate the haze,  
 While the horizon's dark and dreary bound  
 Curtains the shore and hides the wish'd-for ground;  
 In silent rapture views the Northern Star  
 Kindle its light and shed its beam afar,  
 Feels that his griefs are past, and guides his bark,  
 By one alone—but yet how clear a spark;  
 Oh! so we turn from that all dreary hour,  
 When men degrading manhood bowed to power.  
 When men dishonour'd, destitute of shame,  
 Woo'd Virtue but to prostitute her name.  
 One only star beam'd on our northern shore,  
 But oh! how bright its beam—that star was More.<sup>5</sup>

Hark ! heard ye not that deep, that heartfelt cry,  
 Borne on the breeze, and wafted to the sky ?  
 It is a country's wail, a nation's cry—  
 \*        \*        \*        The deed is done,  
 The earth has past away, the prize is won,  
 We'll weep in silence.        \*        \*

Ah ! then the strained chord, the silver token  
 Of Mercy, Truth, Humanity was broken ;  
 The golden bowl lay shatter'd on the ground,  
 And murder work'd its will when Henry frowned.  
 Sweet More ! thy virtue's blossom's early bloom  
 Clung to the soil that rear'd thee to thy doom.  
 Ah ! little deems the bud which woos the bower,  
 And opes its leaves to catch each sunny shower ;  
 How each small drop of dew which flowery spring,  
 Appears o'er bud, and leaf a charm to fling ;  
 And all the beauties by the summer east  
 Lead but to Autumn's blight, and Winter's blast.

Go, Palinurus of a distant age <sup>6</sup>  
 Thy name is chronicled on Parian page,  
 Amid the yells of fiends, the shouts of hate,  
 Thy only sigh was for thy country's fate.  
 Go ; let the sybil's oracle be thine,  
 For tears shall flow, affection's altar shine ;  
 The aged sire shall tell his darling son,  
 How Virtue triumph'd, how the prize was won ;  
 Shew him how tyrant's will and murderous hand  
 Laid in the dust the noblest of the land ;  
 How every clime, and every distant shore,  
 Wept o'er a brother's fate—o'er martyr'd More.

Such was the spot to which the maid of old  
 Fled from the storms of Fate when Love grew cold.  
 Aye, her heart's love, when young Affection's beam  
 Lit Life's dull scene—a transitory gleam.  
 She had not learnt to calculate each thought—  
 Her senses, feelings, love, were all untaught.

She was not skill'd to smooth the passion'd cheek,  
 Glaze the soft eye, so eloquently meek.  
 Nature her guardian, how could she conceal  
 What brow, cheek, eye, were destin'd to reveal.  
 Warm were her tears of Love ; for tears can flow  
 From the excess of Joy, as well as Woe.

Alas ! a change appear'd—fair Joy was shrouded  
 In fate's dull garb—Hope's sun was clouded.  
 She was alone ! And oh ! what bitter sigh  
 Burst her warm heart, beating responsively  
 At times her all of sorrow filled her soul,  
 And Passion, Feeling, cast aside control.  
 When calm, kind Consolation met her ear ;  
 She listen'd, trembled, fled, almost with fear :  
 For there are moments when Compassion's flow  
 Vainly would strive to fill the wound of Woe.  
 Friendship to her was nothing, and she hurl'd  
 Its sweetest gifts aside, and left the world.

So the sea-bird, when glassy ripples lave  
 Its snowy plumage, buoyant on the wave,  
 Soars from the mirror sea, which woos to rest,  
 And towers aloft to some secluded nest ;  
 And, as its wings expanding guide its way,  
 The crystal waters drop in showery spray ;  
 Yet these same drops had borne her o'er the tide,  
 Pillow'd her form, and nestled to her side :  
 But wild, ungrateful, from the placid main  
 She wings her flight, and ploughs the cloudy plain—  
 Breasts the wild blast, which curbs her rapid way,  
 Shaking from every plume the sparkling spray.

Oh ! when a woman loves, she loves indeed—  
 Her's is no fabled thought, no fancied creed.  
 When the low voice of Youth's Affection's heard,  
 Soul, Spirit, Sense, exist but in that word—  
 In that alone she breathes, and it supplies  
 Existence, fount, for when 'tis lost she dies.



E'en to man's breast the loss of Love may bring  
 The wildest Anguish on the swiftest wing ;<sup>7</sup>  
 But she, the fond, fond woman, who has given  
 For us all hopes on Earth, perchance in Heaven,  
 Alas ! by slow, too slow degrees has learn'd  
 The fate, the bitter fate, which trust has earn'd—  
 From the repose of Love can scarce awaken  
 To the dark dreary truth,—that she's Forsaken.

“Forsaken ! Oh ! 'tis madness ! Surely he,  
 I trusted, loved, believed, is true to me.  
 Have we not walk'd the glade in twilight hour,  
 And does not Memory speak in every flower ?  
 When through the forest paths we used to range,  
 Oft has he murmur'd ‘Loved one, canst thou change ?’  
 Change ! Why idly pain me ; you can tell,  
 And every action proves, I love too well.  
 Too well—for sure 'tis sin when heart is riven,  
 Centred on earthly joys, devoid of Heaven.

Oh ! dear one, trifle not ; believe me when  
 I say my soul is thine, nor doubt again :  
 Look on this bower, these roses which I rear,  
 By thine own hand were train'd and planted here.  
 Oft hast thou smiled while gazing on their bloom,  
 And said that winter's waste would prove their doom,  
 But that thy love each season of the year  
 Would bloom with brighter charms if I was near.  
 And then my cheek has mantled, and its glow  
 Disclosed my inward thought and passion's flow ;  
 My heart's convulsive throbs, and bosom's swell,  
 Proved more than vows could prove, or words could tell.  
 Oh, how we loved ! It were but pain  
 O'er such all maddening joys to muse again.  
 Our brimming eyes have met, in one long kiss  
 Our burning lips have drain'd the cup of bliss !  
 And then he laid my glowing cheek to rest,  
 And my wild tresses wanton'd o'er his breast !”

"Forsaken!" \* \* \* Then the whole  
 Deep flood of Sorrow burst upon her soul.  
 Ah! truly many a lonely year could tell  
 How time had flown since last he wept farewell;  
 Yet she in Hope enshrined, would ne'er believe,  
 That one who loved so well could e'er deceive;  
 Had gazed upon his parting gift until  
 Tears flow'd apace, and Sorrow work'd its will:  
 And her young cheek had lost its early bloom,  
 And her young brow was clothed in early gloom.  
 Still, still she tried to think—she doubted not—  
 Gazed with impassion'd fondness on the spot  
 Where last they parted——

"Forsaken!"—Then she cast her soft blue eye  
 On distant Heaven, in silent misery;  
 Speechless she stood, but in that sorrowing trance,  
 That long-drawn sigh, that deep impassioned glance;

There spoke Despair—not that Despair which flings  
 A charm around the form to which it clings ;  
 Not that Despair which wakes the feeling heart,  
 But in its wildest throes remembers art.  
 She stood alone, her tresses unconfined,  
 Fell o'er her form and wanton'd in the wind ;  
 The breeze of evening fann'd her pallid cheek,  
 So softly pale, so eloquently meek.  
 She did not weep, not e'en one broken sigh,  
 Told her deep tale of utter misery.  
 Aye ! there is grief so great we scarcely know  
 How to conceive the full extent of woe ;  
 Time, which should calm our sorrow, will but prove,  
 How much we have lost, how much we used to love.  
 At last her grief found utterance, and one cry  
 Of wild, delirious anguish burst on high ;  
 The warm and glistening tears began to trace  
 The lines of sorrow on that lovely face :  
 Sparkling beneath a ray of pard'ning Heaven  
 Each seem'd a token of her sins forgiven.

Loveless she could not live, but she would lie  
On the cold earth, and there—unpitied die.

'Tis weak, but natural, that alone we scan  
With glowing thought, the wild romance of man ;  
Excite our passions, and we heave a sigh,  
But pass unvarnish'd tales, unheeded by :  
With eager joy we seek the tragic stage,  
The ranting actor, and the mimic rage ;  
Enraptured hail the climax of despair,  
Portray'd in frenzied mien, and raving air.  
The wild romance, the poetry of grief,  
Awakens feeling, and receives relief :  
E'en we love sorrows, if to song they cling,  
And sweep their flight upon poetic wing.  
With tearful eye, behold the soft distress,  
When wreath'd in beauty, robed in loveliness.

But let us change the scene, let us explore  
 The haunts where grief, and pain by turns implore.  
 Seek the lone couch where sickness lays its head,  
 And misery's whisper 's heard around the dead ;  
 Flee from the festive board, the fancied bliss,  
 Pause—But a moment pause—o'er scenes like this.

I've left the lighted room, the crowded dance,  
 On other scenes, far different scenes to glance ;  
 Have view'd at night full many a fragile form  
 Prey'd on by whistling winds and pelting storm ;  
 Have seen the wild despair, the tearful eye,  
 As luxury's minions roll'd in chariots by ;  
 Have heard the tatter'd victim mourn her doom,  
 Weep o'er her sins, and sigh for early home.

Oh ! what is life to one devoid of home,  
 Fated through every scene apart to roam ?

Oh ! what is life, unless Affection bring  
 To the loved hearth the daily offering?  
 Unless from childhood's early dawn we love  
 'Mid well-known scenes and loved spots to rove ?  
 Where Recollection lights while on the wing,  
 In Rapture lingering where Affections cling ;  
 Unless our Household Gods are ever found <sup>s</sup>  
 By Love and Feeling's sweetest garlands bound ?  
 Without such joys the happiest fortunes seem  
 A mere existence and a misty dream.

Here, where the twilight hour, and pensive shade  
 Woos silent footsteps—Here we oft have strayed.  
 Here is the purling brook, the flowery dell,  
 The rustic copse, we ever loved so well.  
 Here, the same tree which many a year has past  
 Unhurt, unshaken, wintering many a blast—  
 Here it is sweet to think as we have thought,  
 To mark how time has changed, how fancy wrought.

Take home away, and life's a dreary waste—  
 No other joys for these can compensate.

But take a nobler, wider range to this—  
 Much more is owing than unmeaning bliss.  
 Think ye, descendants idly gaze upon  
 The noble trophies that their sires have won?—  
 That glorious ancestry and ancient name  
 Ne'er wake the soul, or stimulate to fame?  
 Truly it is to feelings such as these  
 Britannia owes dominion o'er the seas!—  
 To this we owe, that on the Southern plain  
 Our armies strove, and seldom strove in vain!—  
 By this, remain unchanged, while all else alters,  
 Our State, our hearths, our sepulchres, our altars ! 9

Who would not wing his flight from Western land  
 To light on Ida's mount, or Grecian strand ?



'Tis not the change of clime, tho' there is given—  
 A ray of glory from the vault of Heaven :  
 'Tis not the magic of Ægean wave  
 Which glows and sparkles near the coral cave.  
 No ! Though it is the land of dance and song,  
 And perfumed Zephyrs waft their strains along,—<sup>10</sup>  
 Nay, more ; though here stern Freedom nobly stood,  
 Her blood-stain'd banners fluttering o'er the flood !—  
 Though here the stirring melodies of war  
 Clanged through the vale, and echoed from afar !—  
 No ! but because we worship ancient lore,  
 Would tread where heroes trod, and stand on classic shore.

By the hewn rock and rugged time-worn way,  
 Which skirts the shore of Zeitoun's glittering bay,  
 We wend our footsteps—This must surely be  
 Mount Cæta's height ! and this Thermopylæ !  
 Here stood the brave, upon this mountain pass,  
 There lived, there breathed, there died Leonidas.

Where is the Spartan lion, and the tomb<sup>11</sup>  
 Of those who sought in death a glorious doom?  
 Oh! that has perished on his moss-green stone,  
 Where all is silent, desolate, and lone.  
 Two lines, two only lines to strangers tell<sup>12</sup>  
 How Sparta's sons for Sparta's freedom fell.

Breathes there a man who could with careless eye  
 Gaze on such scenes, and pass unheeding by—  
 For whom the Spartan's epitaph is vain,  
 Who reads it once, nor cares to look again;  
 Who with unthinking steps has trod upon  
 Pharsalia's site,—the plains of Marathon.

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## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> "And pensive sigh o'er Strafford's bloody tomb."

Who can peruse the history of Strafford's trial and execution, and not feel his cheeks glow with indignation! If we regard the insufficiency of the evidence, and the contradictory and frivolous nature of that which was offered, the absurdity of many of the charges, and the total want of any foundation for the principal one—above all, the *ex-post-facto* law by which his conduct was brought within the penalty of treason, it must be allowed that no man ever fell so cruelly a victim to party-spirit. And, truly, when we consider that weakness of mind, and unsteadiness of disposition, which permitted Charles to sacrifice his best friend, because he conceived his death would stay the tumults then desolating the country; notwithstanding the tears he shed and the remorse he evinced in after-days, it deadens our sympathies for his own melancholy fate; and we can scarcely grieve to find, that in passing the Bill of Attainder he put the steel into the hands of his enemies, which, in a short time, was to be directed against his own existence. How beautifully did Strafford, in his defence, speak of that bill, by which a new species of treason was declared, and a new description of evidence admitted:

"Where has this species of guilt been so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once to consume me and my children?"      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

"If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damages; but

if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? where the token by which I should discover it? It has laid concealed under water, and no human prudence, and no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am now threatened."

It is singular that Clarendon is not very enthusiastic in his praises of Strafford.

<sup>2</sup> "*And marble breathed at Henry's command.*"

Netley Abbey, formerly called Letley, was founded in the reign of Henry III. by some monks of the Cistercian order. The ruins are most beautiful, covering two acres of ground. It is seldom a visitor is so fortunate as to be enabled to wander among the broken columns and shattered aisles in solitude. It is the great rendezvous for all the Thread-needle-street lovers of scenery, and its classic ground is often covered with *débris* of picnics; while the walls are blackened by the fires constantly lit for most anti-poetical purposes.

<sup>3</sup> "*Cromwell in vain—*"

It is almost unnecessary for me to state that I allude to Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, who occupied the first place in Henry's favour after the fall of Wolsey. Of the meanest origin, he filled, at different times, nearly all the principal offices of State. It is singular that Burnet, Hallam, Hume, all praise his character; and yet it is certain, during his period of power, he was much hated by all parties. Certainly, the dissolution of the monasteries cannot be too highly reprobated; and with his life he paid the forfeit for the blindest and most sinful obedience to the King's wishes. It is a remarkable fact, and speaks much for Henry's genius and capacity, that all the most eminent men of the time rose from low stations, and emerged from obscurity under his auspices.

<sup>4</sup> “ *Such fame is thine as his who sought a tomb,  
And lit the pile which shone upon his doom ;  
And thou our land's Erostratus, for fame,  
To dastard spoils bequeathed a dastard name.*”

Erostratus, the incendiary, who set fire to the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world. When put to the torture, he confessed he did it to gain a name for posterity. The States General of Asia endeavoured to prevent this by ordering that his name should never be mentioned ; but the natural consequence was, that it has been named by all contemporary historians, and has reached even our own time, in full accordance with the wishes of the man who bore it.

“ *To dastard spoils,*” &c.

It is Rapin who mentions that the Duke of Somerset, when Protector, built Somerset House with the spoils of the monasteries.

“ For a further supply of stone, timber, lead, and iron, he took down a cloister, two chapels, and a charnel-house, and most part of the church of St. John of Jerusalem, near Smithfield.”—*Stow*, p. 596.

<sup>5</sup> “ *But oh, how bright its beam ! That star was More.*”

There are, in my opinion, few passages of history which we peruse with feelings of such desolating sorrow as those which mention the execution of Sir Thomas More. Whether we regard his public or private character, he seems to have attained the highest pitch of moral elevation.

“ More is dead,” says Erasmus, in the accents of despondency,—“ More, whose breast was purer than snow—whose genius was excellent above all his nation.” It has been eloquently said of him, “ As a pleader, his exertions were never unapplauded—as a judge, his decisions were

never controverted—as a statesman, his counsels were never suspected.”  
Above all,

“Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
Mente quatit solida.”

The cruelty of the sovereign did not perish with the breath of his victim, his family were expelled their favourite residence at Chelsea, and the small remnants of an impaired fortune forfeited to the crown.

<sup>6</sup> “Go, *Palinurus*, of a distant age.”

“Ecce gubernator sese *Palinurus* agebat;  
Qui *Libyco* nuper cursu, dum sidera servat,  
Exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.  
Hunc ubi vix multâ mœstum cognovit in umbrâ;  
Sic prior alloquitur: ‘Quis te, *Palinure*, Deorum  
Eripuit nobis, medioque sub æquore mersit?  
Dic, age: namque mihi fallax haud ante repertus,  
Hoc uno responso animum delusit *Apollo*;  
Qui fore te ponto incolumem, finesque canebat  
Venturum *Ausonios*: en! hæc promissa fides est?”

\* \* \* \* \*

‘Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando.  
Sed cape dicta memor, duri solatia casus.  
Nam tua finitimi longè latèque per urbes  
Prodigiis acti cœlestibus, ossa piabunt,  
Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo solemnia mittent;  
Æternumque locus *Palinuri* nomen habebit.’”

*Æneid*, vi. 337.

Virgil appears to have attached great importance to the fate of *Palinurus*: the last twenty lines of the fifth *Æneid* refer to it.

<sup>7</sup> “*The wildest anguish on the swiftest wing.*”

This line is exceedingly like one in the “Pleasures of Hope:” the line is

“Delirious anguish, on its fiery wing.”

It is most difficult for any one who has read much poetry to avoid sometimes unintentional plagiarisms. The same remark will apply to another line

“A mere existence and a misty dream.”

I am not aware of any others.

<sup>8</sup> “*Unless our household gods are ever found  
By Love and feeling's sweetest garlands bound.*”

The Lares, or household gods, of the Romans were small waxen images, and were always placed round the hearth in the hall; on festivals they were crowned with garlands.—*Plaut. Trin.* i. i.—*Adams' Roman Antiquities*, p. 261.

<sup>9</sup> “*Our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, our altars.*”

“In this choice of an inheritance we have given to our frame of policy the image of a relation in blood, binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties, adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of family affections, keeping inseparable and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.”—*Barke's French Revolution*, p. 41.

<sup>10</sup> “*And perfumed zephyrs waft the strains along.*”

This is no exaggerated metaphor. Clarke says, speaking of Rhodes, “Here, as in Cos, every gale is scented with the most powerful fragrance, which is wafted from groves of orange and citron trees.”

<sup>11</sup> “*Where is the Sparta lion and the tomb.*”

“And there,” says Herodotus, “is the tumulus, at the entrance of the defile, where now stands the stone lion to Leonidas.” Nothing remains now but a tumulus, upon which the broken remains of a pedestal rest.

<sup>12</sup> “*Two lines, two only lines, to strangers tell.*”

The lines are—

ᾧ ξείν' ἀγγεῖλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε  
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι

To Lacedæmon's sons, oh, stranger tell,  
That here, obedient to their laws, we fell!

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**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



TO ———

Tho' my bark may be borne on the billows of sorrow,  
And the winds of Adversity shatter my sail;  
Tho' the Hope of to-day may be wrecked on the morrow,  
And the zephyr of Life turn to Misery's gale.

Tho' all I have loved, and have lived for on earth,  
May perish,—yet Memory cannot decay;  
And the sweet soothing joys to which Friendship gave birth,  
Will not melt with the hoar-frost, or die with the day.

Yet oft do we find that Affection's deceiving,  
That by moments and minutes forgetfulness woos her;  
And tho' Memory sometimes upbraids her for leaving,  
And she lingers awhile, yet we frequently lose her.

The shake of the hand speaks a language much clearer  
 Than any which words would essay to express ;  
 The bright sparkling glance will defy the deceiver—  
 The glow of true feeling—Affection's impress.

Oh ! sure it is sweet, in this dim world of sorrow,  
 To feel that one heart can respond to your own ;  
 That the friend of to-day, will not flee on the morrow,  
 Should Adversity leave you abandoned and lone.

I have loved, yet my love was as fleeting as light ;  
 Had friends, yet my friends were the friends of a day ;  
 Save one, and his friendship, 'mid heartlessness' night,  
 Illumined my footsteps, and guided my way.

But he is not one to be named with the herd,  
 Of those beings who sport on the ocean of Time :  
 His fame will be known, and his name will be heard,  
 And Echo will bear it to many a clime.

Not heart, soul, and feeling, can add to the wreath,

Which Honour, and Virtue, and Friendship has twined :

In Prosperity calm, 'neath Adversity's breath,

He bowed,—and the past had escaped from his mind.

Oh! this is to be truly noble and great,

For he only is great who's superior to sorrow,—

Who can live on, unheeding the cold blasts of fate,

Who, ruined on one day, can smile on the morrow.

---

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SAY, why has sadness seized the land ?

What has stopp'd the notes of mirth ?

Why has sorrow's strenuous hand

Checked the haughty sons of earth ?

Is it that the din of war

Has echoed upon Britain's plain ?

Or has a chieftain's glorious star

Departed, ne'er to rise again ?

Oh, no ! no leader we deplore ;  
 No chieftain do we mourn to-day,  
 Nor has a country, steep'd in gore,  
 Roused again the plaintive lay.

Oh, no ! it is no warlike dream  
 That causes Britain's tears to flow,  
 But a softer, sadder theme  
 Has laid the Scottish minstrels low !

Weep, Scotland ! weep ! for thou must mourn,  
 The noblest bard that age has given,  
 But the glittering gem now torn  
 From the earth will shine in heaven.

Yes, his gentle spirit's fled,  
 And his corse is on the bier ;  
 Now we number with the dead,  
 Him whom Britain held most dear.

But raise no statues, build no shrines,  
 Nor trumpet forth his hallow'd fame ;  
 He does not need such aid as thine,  
 To blazon his immortal name.

Oh, could he see ! he 'd value more,  
 Than any tomb thy art could rear,  
 E'en were it framed of costly ore,—  
 He 'd value more one heartfelt tear.

Perhaps, in some sequester'd glen,  
 Where softest muse the scenes inspire ;  
 Where, distant from the haunts of men,  
 Once the minstrel strung his lyre ;  
 Where the bard has mus'd alone ;  
 Where Nature whispers he is not ;—  
 There, upon a humble stone,  
 Engrave the name of—WALTER SCOTT.



TO ——

WHEN night had cast his mantle o'er the earth,  
And the glad day had sought the distant west,  
To milder light the diamond stars gave birth,  
With mellow'd charms, and soften'd beauty blest.

Among the host of heaven, one little star  
Beam'd brightly forth, and shone conspicuous there,  
Many the chastened ray it shed afar,  
So brightly lovely, and so softly fair.

Thine is the sweet and soul-endearing beam,  
Which, like the star's, from purest sources flows—  
Shedding the sweetest essence, and a gleam  
Of hope, o'er many a scene of earthly woes.

And as that star casts many a cheering ray,  
By which the mariner oft guides his bark ;  
So will thy virtues guide my willing way—  
So will thy virtues kindle honour's spark.

May never misery's clouds obscure thy light,  
Nor sorrow's tempests mantle round thy charms ;  
Oh, may'st thou live unscath'd by sorrow's blight,  
Unhurt, uninjured, by this world's alarms.

For thee, for thee, my warmest prayers I raise—  
For thee my deepest, best emotions swell ;  
Sweet memory drops a tear to happier days,  
While fondly uttering, “ Dear one, fare thee well.”

FORGET thee, never ! For years

Will memory cling to thy name ;—

Forget thee, never ! My tears

Are proofs that my love is the same.

Thou canst not know the pangs of thought ;

And yet my grief must last for ever.

Oh, when thy love 's so dearly bought,

Shall I forget thee ? Never !

The roses bloom in Asia's clime,

Yet they decay !

The lilies flourish for a time,

Then fade away !

But love ; true love can never die,

Tho' time may part and distance sever ;

E'en when the hour of death is nigh,

Shall I forget thee ? Never !

BARD of the Alpine height,

Why is thy harp unstrung?

No longer thou chantest at night

The lays which thy ancestors sung.

Strike! strike the thrilling lyre!

Fill our souls with virtue's fire;

Call proud Switzer's mountaineers,

Calm their feelings, soothe their fears.

Bid them take the barbed lance,

Foes are approaching from afar;

Bid the marshal'd troops advance,

Bid them form the ranks for war.

Now, now! bid Liberty's clarions sound,

For the war-steeds of Gallia prance on the ground;

The swords of the Saxons have ravaged the plain,

The standard of bloodshed 's erected again.

Switzer ! gallant Switzer, now !  
 For honour 's stamp'd upon thy front ;  
 Come from where the violets blow,  
 Come from the valley and the mount ;  
 Firm in heart and firm in hand,  
 Form one strong and valorous band :  
 Honours he'll have, e'en honours divine,  
 Who breathes forth his spirit at Liberty's shrine.

Alpine minstrel ! canst thou hear,  
 Sounds of stern combat in the vale ;  
 Canst thou behold the patriot's tear,  
 And not thy country's curse bewail :  
 Oh, no ! at Freedom's proud command,  
 Join the ranks of Switzerland ;  
 Breathe forth the spirit-stirring cry,—  
 For Liberty ! for Liberty !

1833.

## ON THE DEATH OF —

Oh ! weep not his fate, for abandon'd by glory,  
Dishonour had stamped him, and infamy's ban :  
If we weep, let it be, that, unhallow'd in story,  
He who lived as a villain, should die as a man.

Oh ! weep not his fate, for virtue departed,  
Ne'er returned to illumine the path of his years :  
If we weep, let it be, that he left broken-hearted,  
The being who loved him, to sin and to tears.

Unpitied, dishonour'd, despised, and degraded,  
Thus may all perish, who care not what doom  
They bring on the loved one, whose virtue has faded,  
'Neath deceitfulness' blast, or hypocrisy's gloom.

HARK at that shout, which rends the sky  
 It proclaims, it proclaims, the rise of Liberty !  
 Threatening storms begin to lour ;  
 They proclaim, they proclaim, the fall of ill-got power !  
 Hail thee, Freedom's glorious dawn ;  
 We who have seen this blessed morn,  
 Joyfully praise thy hallow'd shrine ;  
 Dear to the brave is light like thine.  
 Long will we sing of Liberty's birth,  
 The dearest boon to man on earth,  
 Bright is thy look, for it will dispel,  
 Bonds dark, and loathsome, as those of hell :  
 We are free ! we are free !  
 Raise the shout of Liberty !

Hail, all hail.

Up ! up ! and raise the banner on high,  
For Freedom, and Honour, we'll conquer, or die :

Boldly 'tis said, and boldly 'tis done,  
Soon will the field of glory be won.

Unsheath each sword, unite each hand,  
Firm and valiant be your band ;  
'Tis virtue to die for your native land.  
Strike ! strike to the tyrant's heart,  
With the boon of life his body shall part ;  
Let the proud enslaver know,  
Ye are not men of common mould,  
But warriors staunch and bold ;  
So firm and decisive be the blow,  
Now is the fall of Slavery !  
We are free ! we are free !  
Raise the shout of Victory !

Hail, all hail.



## ANACREONTIC.

COME, lovely girl, and fill the bowl ;  
Oh ! haste, the chasten'd goblet bring,  
Thou idol of my heart and soul,  
Young Cupid, without Cupid's wing.  
Tho' 't were Elysium oft to sip  
The sparkling juice of flowing grape,  
Thy glowing and voluptuous shape,  
Thy swimming eye, and dimpling lip,  
Bid me forget the richest wine :  
All yields to Love, for Love is thine.  
Thy charms have bound me many a year,  
Oft did I yield to Beauty's tear.  
Can Reason seek, or find a nest,  
In dimpling cheek, or glowing breast?

Not Reason—Love alone is there ;  
And Love it is that fans the air.  
All 's silent, not a footstep near,  
Sweet blushing girl thou wilt not fear ;  
Truly believe that soul and sense  
Exist but in your loveliness ;  
And if, when heated by the wine,  
My glowing cheek should cling to thine,  
And should I snatch some passion-kiss,  
Then, loved one, frown not on my bliss ;  
I'll fold thee in my throbbing arms,  
From lips will drain a stream of charms ;  
With madd'ning joy, with fluttering soul,  
We'll pledge our loves in nectar'd bowl

---

OH! how I admire that pious-like feeling,  
So nicely distinguishing good works and evil ;  
That makes some Christians say it is no use concealing,  
The fact that you Heathens will go to the Devil.

With Pride in their eyes, and bereft of all heart,  
Such cling with precision to every form ;  
And deem they are playing an excellent part,  
While neglecting the duties they ought to perform.

Religion, like star-light, will oft pierce the gloom,  
Which Sin's mantle has cast o'er the spring-time of years ;  
Or, its day-break may beam on the wanderer's doom,  
And the dew of the morn, be the type of his tears.

From the fount of pure sorrow such tears will impart,  
The sweetest delights to the regions of Love ;  
And Angels will snatch them, when warm from the heart,  
Embody their essence, and waft them above.

But ye who are borne on mere heartlessness' tide,  
And deem that ye only will ever be blest ;  
Live on in your pitiful folly and pride,  
The Devil will chuckle, for such Pride he loves best.

SHE left me—I was alone ;  
Yet my cheek was not pale, and I uttered no groan :  
Though the pensive look and the tearful eye  
Told the tale of Love's misery.

She left me again !—one year had fled !—  
Virtue had perished—honour was dead :  
Once more I was alone !  
How pale was my cheek—how bitter my groan !



# **SIBYLLINE LEAVES.**





TO  
ROBERT PASHLEY, Esq.,

THESE FEW STANZAS ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

*Alexander Cochrane.*

---

THERE is a spot, where Beauty's charms enticing,  
Kindle beneath perpetual suns, and breathe  
An atmosphere of Love : there roseate Spring  
Sits throned in loveliness, and many a wreath  
Scatters upon the glowing orb beneath :  
Soft are its breezes, placid is its lake,  
Near which we wander 'mid the flowery heath,  
And hear the murmurings which the ripples make,  
When on the grassy mead the tiny bubbles break.

It is a chosen shore, a fertile land ;  
 To the wild waves it seems a place of rest ;  
 And e'en the breakers gently lave the strand,  
 'Mid which it rises, as it were a nest :  
 With all the charms of clime from East to West  
 Nature has graced it, should you glance around.  
 Tread lightly o'er the turf, for it is drest  
 In sweetest flowers ; e'en on the roughest ground  
 The daintiest herbs, that grow, with wildest charms abound.

And there are two, who, in this favour'd clime,  
 Apart from other beings love to stray :—  
 And what to them are soils, or seasons, Time,—  
 All Nature's richest charms are thrown away.  
 Oft do they wander where the billows play,  
 In silence step, or, if their lips should move,  
 'Tis but one theme that finds a ready way ;  
 But yet how much that single theme can prove,  
 When melting accents breathe the heartfelt vows of Love.

There is an hour, when in the human mind,  
 Unshackled, uncontroll'd, the thoughts have sway ;  
 Casting aside the grosser cares which bind  
 The soul's warm sentiments, they cast away  
 Those ties which hold but weak and feeble sway  
 Over the noble breast ; and oh—when free  
 From such vile bondage, how the senses play !  
 And how the soul then pants for Liberty !  
 And would destroy the barrier to its will, and heavenward flee.

For hours rule our fate : at morn we rise,  
 Buoyant and joyous ; then the world appears,  
 A field for Honour, Love, Ambition's prize ;  
 The phantom with the morning disappears :  
 The lighter fabric which the noon-day rears,  
 Has vanished, when the eve of life embowers  
 In one small spot, the record of our years,  
 The last dark cloud of fate impending lowers ;—  
 To deck the wintery grave there are no vernal flowers.

And she who walked at such an hour was fair,  
 Fair as the Houris, who, in fancy's dream,  
 Flit on our senses—phantoms of the air,—  
 Or floating on Imagination's stream,  
 Rarely beheld on Earth, 't would truly seem,  
 We can out-colour Nature's richest glow.  
 Oh ! such she was, who stroll'd in twilight's beam,  
 While as she stepped her words began to flow—  
 On eager ear there fell the whisper soft and low.

“ You say you love me, now ; but can you tell  
 That all your vows are not as light as air ?  
 That on the breezes of a sad Farewell  
 They'll not be borne, and leave me to despair ?  
 You say you love me !—and if promise fair,  
 Or the impress of Truth, could drive away  
 Those fears which lurk in pale Suspicion's lair,  
 Mine would not rest to curb my Passion's sway :  
 Thy brow, and eye are lit with Honour's sparkling ray.”

“ But well I know the mind of man can change ;  
 To him soft Love is but a light pursuit ;  
 He lives not on its breath, but, wont to range,  
 From every blossom plucks the richest fruit.  
 His young affections have but little root,  
 And 'neath the changing Zephyr always bend :  
 When early loved ones call, he passes mute ;  
 'Mid different climes his straying footsteps wend ;  
 He pledges many a heart, and vows to many a friend.”

She paused—was silent—while her pulse's beat  
 Proved all her fears, and tearful was her eye.  
 Could he deceive her? would he not repeat  
 That tale of love? or could his heart deny  
 Vows it had uttered? He with broken sigh  
 Seemed wrapt in thought of all he had averred ;  
 He lingered o'er the shrine of Memory :  
 But all had past away which he had heard,  
 And every feeling clung to the last-uttered word.

“ Friend !—I have no friend !—  
 Those whom I had have left me—I am lone.  
 My feelings were so fond, I could not bend  
 My clinging heart to twine round hearts of stone :  
 One soul I loved to other realms has flown.  
 A passion’d breast is all I offer thee,  
 For the fresh flush of young affection ’s gone ;  
 I make no vows, but yet unchanged shall be,  
 I will be true through life, if thou art true to me.”

Silent she stood ; her clear and soft blue eye  
 Was turned upon his cheek, as if to read  
 Therein the tale of Love ; and fitfully  
 Her colour came, but only to recede.  
 Then, overpower’d, she began to yield  
 To that impassion’d, ardent, long embrace ;  
 Her beauteous form was trembling as a reed ;  
 Her heart’s young love had found its hiding-place,  
 And when she softly smiled, Love shone in every trace.

She turn'd and gazed—spake not—but a glance,—  
 A melting something, that which seems to link  
 Our souls to unseen beings,—time, distance,  
 Annulling,—more than glowing vein  
 Of Fancy's thought expressing : words were vain  
 To paint the glance in which young warm hearts speak,  
 When every look adds to the mystic chain  
 Of binding tenderness. Why should we seek  
 To search the mystic cause ?—to fathom it were weak.

Why should we seek to unrobe loveliness ?  
 All things appear more beautiful when conceal'd ;  
 And none could ever mourn o'er Friendlessness,  
 Unless the breach of Friendship were reveal'd.  
 And, if the volume of our years were seal'd,  
 The destinies of all we love unknown,  
 The hand of scathing Time in vain would wield  
 The scythe of Fate, or whet it on the stone  
 Of dull Misfortune, and, declare the world his own.

Breathless they sat, but oh ! their minds entranced,  
 Lay wrapt in Love's sweet, holy, hallow'd sleep ;  
 From their young eyes such rays of fondness glanced,  
 As spoke of Passion's ecstasies, too deep  
 For mortal, worldly bosoms, long to keep ;  
 And warmer, warmer still, the life-drops flow'd,  
 And then the overflowing heart would leap :  
 Life was as nought—existence but a load,  
 When soul was linked to soul, and moments all untold.

And there are passion-kisses, such as when  
 The soul flows to the lips—but lingers there ;  
 Or, from the fount of Love, reseeks again  
 Fresh inspiration from the heart to bear :  
 From such voluptuous sweets the wanton air  
 Seems ready straight to filch the burning kiss,  
 And wafts its perfumed breezes round the fair ,  
 Warm, glowing form, which, kindling by his,  
 Breathes forth its soul of Love, its ecstasy of bliss.



But Time sweeps onward in its swift career,  
 And tarries not to gaze on lovely scene ;  
 Or it had surely staid a moment here,  
 For hearts so purely loving ne'er were seen.  
 Yes ! Time sweeps on, and in its flight I ween,  
 It rends away the joys itself imparted ;  
 A few short months, and she who once had been  
 His hope, his life, had left him broken-hearted :  
 Fate worked its cruel will !—enough !—they parted !

Say, was it wild Romance, that wak'd the thrill  
 Of the fond heart, and woo'd the pensive sigh ?  
 Say, are affections nothing ; was the chill  
 Which stay'd the flowing blood, and dimm'd the eye,  
 Nought but the work of fancied misery ?  
 Ah, no ! his cheek reveal'd the feelings drear,  
 And when the last fond, parting hour, was nigh,  
 Hope fled his soul, and misery sincere,  
 To other days bestow'd full many a tribute tear.

The ivy clothes the grey, and time-worn wall,  
 The moss the aged oak, whose branches wave  
 O'er the young plants they shelter, and in all  
 Winds, tempests, to their storm-worn parent clave,  
 And dared the blast ; or if, perchance, it drave  
 The offspring from the parent stem, they lay  
 Wither'd and leafless, that which prov'd a grave  
 Was the same nurturing earth : what soil could stay  
 The rot that eat the core, the progress of decay ?

Why is the Thyrsus ivy-bound ? and why  
 Should ivy hide the point of glittering steel ?  
 Vain folly touch the barb, and then deny  
 That look 's deceitful, canst not feel ?  
 And so is life, misleading, though we seal  
 The record of our Fate and Destiny ;  
 Time will break through the barrier, and reveal  
 The scroll of sorrow ; mental agony—  
 The volume 's spell'd, one blank page rests, and Death is nigh.

Who that has lived till manhood, has not wept—  
 Not as a child weeps, then the warm tear starts,  
 Flows, is forgotten ; or if Misery swept  
 Its chords of sorrow, it but tried its art—  
 But when a man weeps, the soul seems to part  
 From that which shrines it. Can time restrain  
 The flowing tears, the sighs, the panting heart ?  
 Reason, Philosophy, were all in vain,  
 To soothe the labouring breast, to ease the aching brain.

There is a very calmness in despair—  
 There is an utter listlessness of grief—  
 There is a pang greater than we can bear ;  
 Sorrow exists which spurns at all relief ;  
 Then Joy has past, and even Hope is brief :  
 And one dark, dreary, boundless void,  
 Is spread around us. Can the Future's leaf  
 Or flower strew our path ? no ! she's employ'd  
 In weaving cypress wreaths, for brows by Time destroy'd.

Oh! there are thoughts too hallow'd for expression,  
 Thoughts which we shrink from, as the plant which shrinks  
 From every touch; few can convey th' impression  
 Of the soul's deepest thoughts; in vain we think  
 By words' most potent spell to form a link  
 To bind our hearts to others; we require  
 A sympathy of soul, that we should drink  
 From the same fount of feeling; else the lyre  
 Wakes merely thoughts which die as the soft strains expire.

"I've loved," he murmur'd, "yes, as few have loved!  
 Have gazed with such impassion'd fondness on  
 Her brow; my brain has throb'd, and reason roved  
 From her domain, and every sense has flown  
 Save that of loving, yet that sense has won  
 My whole of soul and mind; for I have stay'd  
 As doubting if I breath'd, for Time, unknown  
 To Memory's tablets, seem'd as if array'd  
 In moment's fleeting garb—so love betray'd.

"The vision's past ; the spell is broken, and  
 I am alone ; and the wide world to me  
 Is but a boundless sea, a desert sand ;  
 I move from place to place, and erst would flee  
 I know not—care not—whither ; yet the sea  
 Trackless with foaming billows, or the mount,  
 Far-spreading mead, and plain, are homes to me ;  
 For there I live, apart from those who count  
 On every paltry joy, and drink from Fashion's fount.

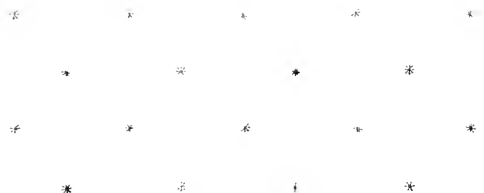
For friends may weep in utter loneliness,  
 And those we loved from infancy may die :  
 May die ! although so robed in loveliness,  
 It seemed that cruel death would pass them by.  
 But let them wither, weep, or perish, why  
 Should this check Fashion's slaves. Oh, impotent,—  
 Such thoughts debase their lofty destiny.  
 Surely they are on noblest aims intent,  
 And why should dance or dress with baser strains be blent ?



BLOOD-STAINED Holyrood ! thy battlements,  
 Towers, fortalices, and ivy-mantled walls,  
 Are not, as once they were, omnipotent,  
 In Scotia's realms—deserted are thy halls,  
 Upon the marbled slab the sear leaf falls ;  
 There move no crowned heads, no vassal train :  
 Where is the pomp and splendour which installs  
 The Royal Stuart—where the minstrel strain  
 Which rung the vaulted roof—its melody was vain !

But a few moments, and the pale twilight,  
 Mellow'd and chasten'd, lit the Summer's eve ;  
 Such stillness is no more, but the dark night  
 Approaches, rob'd in terrors ; and we grieve  
 That thus all joys, should fade, and Time should weave  
 Nought but a garb of Grief for future hours ;  
 Time, Elements, and Feelings, all deceive :  
 The sunshine often waits on passing showers,  
 And poison-shrubs are sown, and culled with sweetest flowers

There is an Eloquence in boisterous night,  
 When Nature calls the storm, and wakes the gale ;  
 The gathering tempests shroud the Pentland height,  
 And curl their misty volume through the dale :  
 List to the deep wind's solemn, plaintive wail,  
 The lofty rocks echo its whistling dirge.  
 Now, stranger, shriller, sporting with the veil,  
 Which shrouds the majesty of storm they urge,  
 'Gainst Salisbury's wildest craigs the cloudy surge.



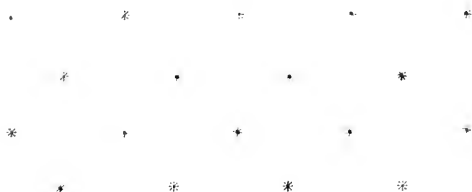
GRATEFUL? Perchance, in words, we say a nation  
 Deplore the death of him to whom it owes  
 A debt of Gratitude ; but where 's the oblation ?  
 There is no altar built, no music flows ;  
 And Corneille's name 's unheard ;<sup>1</sup> and he who knows  
 This sacred edifice, has searched in vain  
 For some poor record of the minstrel's woes :  
 He who has waked the noblest, purest, strain ;  
 Which ever swell'd the breeze, or burst upon the brain.



The Shakspeare of his land,<sup>2</sup> the bard who soar'd  
 In flights so vast, and daring, that men's gaze  
 Could scarce attain the summit, whence he pour'd  
 Such flows of heart, and feeling, through his lays :  
 Love was the Goddess of his youthful days ;  
 And warm, and deep, and soft, his young strains swell ;  
 There's magic in each thought, and not the blaze,  
 Circling the Cid, or Médée can dispel  
 The haze of Love which shrines his earliest, sweetest spell.

To wake the soul, from dull and careless ease ;  
 To rouse the dormant energies of mind ;  
 To strike the only chord, whose note should please,  
 Whose flowing melodies, alone can wind  
 Round softer spirits—freeing where they bind,  
 Was his delight: did baser strain desire  
 To woo the heart, or swell upon the wind ;  
 'Twas but a careless finger struck the lyre,  
 For ne'er did nobler mind to nobler verse aspire.

He made his Love a God, and worshipped it ;  
 Nor did he deck his temples with new flowers,\*  
 But from the heart the song of Love was writ :  
 That Love which every other sense embowers.  
 True ! true ! through life's misfortunes early showers  
 He was unchanged ; though like the stone of old,  
 His heart, from passing impress of all hours,  
 Bore all impressions ; yet, in its plastic mould,  
 It could alone retain the image of the gold.



\* Nec vinee novis tempora floribus.— *Hor.* Carm. iv. l. 32.

I ENTER a proud fabric,<sup>3</sup> one whose dome,  
 Borne on Corinthian pillars, towers on high,  
 Majestic in proportions—but a tomb,  
 Though once the pealing organ swelled on high :  
 And here the noblest of the nation lie ;  
 And here are names, in golden letters wrought,  
 Of those who perished last for Liberty !—  
 A chronicle on marbled slabs they sought :  
 Slaves to the very last, for this alone they fought.

I stood within this glorious shrine by night :  
 Still ! solemn ! not a footstep smote the ear ;  
 Around, the marble columns bath'd in light  
 Of the pale moon, cast shadowy image near,  
 Awaking holiest sympathy ; and fear  
 Was scarcely absent, for the mind awake  
 To every slightest impulse, strove to rear  
 Pale fancy's structures ; each statue seemed to take  
 The spirit of the form, and marbled chill forsake.

Here are two tombs,<sup>4</sup> no sculptor's art has traced,  
 On marble slab, the history, and fate  
 Of the contained ashes ; nor has graced  
 With breathing monument, the men who sate  
 Princes of language—one whom pale Hate  
 Follow'd through life,<sup>5</sup> nor tombed, left him there ;  
 Whose name, e'en now, with Atheists often mate,  
 And lit by Irony and Scoffing's glare,  
 These tombs enshrine the clay of—ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE.

There is a mine of Thought, where'er we tread,  
 Thou ever-changing city ; every stone  
 Records some fearful scene, of which we read,  
 But scarce can credit. Here—this pile alone  
 Speaks to the heart which ponders : he is gone \*  
 Who stood within its structure ; and whose burst  
 Of feeling Eloquence and impassioned tone,  
 Awoke all sympathies, but most the worst ;  
 Almighty in his sway, by his own Power—accurst.

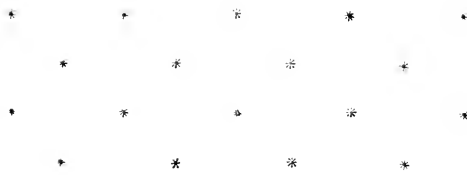
\* Mirabeau.

The Roman with his eloquence,<sup>6</sup> who stay'd  
 Th' assassin's hand, by pleading for his life ;  
 Whose wondrous, powerful music, was obey'd ;  
 At whose command the stained and murderous knife  
 Was cast aside ; who check'd the clash of strife ;  
 Was not so great as thou ; for when we turn  
 To thy gigantic intellect, all rife  
 With words, tone, passion, feeling, there we learn  
 How 'tis that " thoughts can breathe and words can burn."

Bird-like, thou cast thy life into the strain,  
 Which thrills long after Death, from age to age  
 Borne on the breeze of Time, for ne'er again  
 Shall spirit burn like thine ; or wage  
 So great a war with circumstance ; the page  
 Of History is thine own—though dire thy cause,  
 It was the cause of principle ; and the stage  
 Thou trodd'st on was thy Country's : but the laws  
 Of right and wrong were lost 'neath popular applause.

There is a change ; the feeling—and the mind—  
 The Spirit of the land—has died away,  
 Crushed 'neath the Tyrant's power : we can find  
 Nought but the impress of his iron sway.  
 The Statesman of his age, who trod his way  
 To the throne's pinnacle, through the maze of sin ;  
 And now a second Pompey,<sup>7</sup> he would play  
 On the world's ignorance, and fame to win ;  
 For spoils unwon he rears—a fane to place them in.

Arachne's web was not so fine as is  
 The maze of Sophistry he weaves ; all form,  
 Like Proteus, he'll assume ; and he who bliss  
 In every soul destroy'd ; who, as a storm,  
 Howl'd round each bark of life, glorying in the harm  
 He work'd mankind ; that man could never seem  
 So ignoble as thou dost ; to perform  
 All this, he deem'd his duty : Virtue's beam  
 O'er Sylla's murders, shed at least, a transient gleam.<sup>8</sup>







## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> “*And Corneille’s name unheard.*”

In the church of St. Roche, beneath the organ, is a cenotaph to the memory of Corneille, erected in 1821, by the Duke of Orleans. I am not aware whether he was buried here or at Rouen. Corneille died in 1647. It is remarkable that no monument should have been erected until 1821. His works cannot have been fully appreciated, or his memory has been treated with the deepest ingratitude.

<sup>2</sup> “*The Shakspeare of his land.*”

As Shakspeare is the master-bard of England, so is Corneille that of France, and Dante of Italy. Each of these, it may be said, formed a language of his own; and strength, nerve, and beauty flowed from their pens. In the deep expressions of feeling, the warm outpourings of the heart, they also form a striking parallel; and we cannot peruse their pages without being sensible that their effusions flowed from the spontaneous emotions of hearts big and bursting with sensibility. The first circumstance which awakened the love of poetry, and the hope of fame in Corneille’s heart was his affection for a young girl to whom he was introduced by her affianced lover. His feelings being excited in consequence of her returning the affection he avowed for her, under such circumstances found vent in a comedy called *Melite*, which first appeared in 1625. It is to this I allude in the last verses of this stanza. It obtained him much applause; and there are some passages in it unequalled, in any of his later productions. It was not until 1640 that he published the *Cid*, a piece which met with the greatest success.

although all the wits of the time, with Cardinal Richelieu at their head, entered into a confederacy against it. The *Médée* placed its author on the pinnacle of fame. To the highest natural principles of honour and integrity Corneille added a deep sense of the importance of religion; there are few passages in his works which the most rigid would desire to see erased; and at the same time, that the French theatre is indebted to his muse for its highest flights of fancy and its most original conceptions, it owes that which most will consider still more important, the introduction of purity and the noblest sentiments. A great portion of Corneille's life was spent in sorrow, partly owing to the circumstances of his fortunes, partly to his own melancholy disposition. The universal esteem in which his works are held, the increasing regard which is paid to his productions, prove that he, like Shakspeare, "was not for an age, but for all time."

<sup>3</sup> "*I enter a proud fabric.*"

The Pantheon erected by Louis XV. It is a magnificent structure, and proves how much the fine arts had progressed during the eighteenth century; at present they appear fast retrograding, for in the pediment of this edifice, which was formerly remarkable for the chasteness and beauty of its bas-relief, they have lately placed several figures, twice as large as life, supposed to represent Liberty, Equality, &c. &c. The unity and classical elegance of the interior is partly spoilt by the names of those who died in the late French Revolution being inscribed in large gold letters on the marble pillars

<sup>4</sup> "*Here are two tombs.*"

It has, I think, never yet been questioned that the principal feature in the French character is extreme vanity. This is evinced in every action; but the fact never struck me so forcibly as when I visited the Pantheon. The interior, which, it is known, all people from all countries will visit, is, as I have before remarked, pre-eminently beautiful; but when, on entering the dark, damp, and gloomy sepulchres beneath,

I inquired for the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire, I experienced great astonishment on finding that the two men France should most have honoured, were buried in wooden painted sarcophagi, destitute of the slightest ornament. Had these tombs been placed above, open to public gaze, the sculptor's art would have been exhausted in rearing monuments to their honour. The bodies both of Marat and Mirabeau were once buried here, but were afterwards disinterred by the multitude and thrown into the public sewers.

<sup>5</sup> "One whom pale Hate  
Followed thro' life."

Voltaire, born at Paris, 1694, gave early indications of that talent by which, in after life, he attained the zenith of literary fame. Nearly all his works are objected to on the score of profaneness and immorality. The flame of odium, or envy, which had died away previous to his death, blazed forth again shortly after. His remains were interred at Sellices, a Benedictine abbey, near Nogent. Different accounts have been given of his death-bed; but Tronchin, his physician, said "that the furies of Orestes gave a faint idea of those of Voltaire."

<sup>6</sup> "The Roman with his eloquence."

The eloquence with which Antonius pleaded for his life was such, that the soldiers stood as if enchanted. Annias, wondering at their delay, went in and himself cut off Antonius's head, and brought it to Marius.

<sup>7</sup> "And now a second Pompey."

"Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,  
Derepta Parthorum superbis  
Postibus."

When Phraates, King of the Parthians, sent back the military ensigns which had been taken from Crassus and Antony, Pompey gave orders

for building a temple in the Capitol in which to place them, wishing them to be regarded as spoils of war. The King of the French is erecting a fabric on the Place de la Bastille, which, it is understood, is hereafter to contain the monuments of his glory: how, or whence obtained, I know not.

<sup>8</sup> *“Virtue’s beam  
O’er Sylla’s murders shed at least a transient gleam.”*

“He who had put to death ninety senators, fifteen consuls, two thousand six hundred knights, walked alone about the Forum and the streets of Rome calmly offering to account for all his actions.”



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